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## State Normal School Journal, December 26, 1918

State Normal School (Cheney, Wash.). Associated Students.

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# State Normal School Journal

VOLUME III.

CHENEY, WASHINGTON, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1918

NUMBER 9

## FAREWELL PARTY TO S. A. T. C. BOYS

### Stunts and Dancing Features.

A farewell party was given the S. A. T. C. boys last Friday night, December 20. The two main features were a program in the auditorium and a dance in the gymnasium.

The program was given by the different classes, and consisted of original stunts. The first number on the program was a burlesque on "Romeo and Juliet," given by the Senior B.'s. This clever stunt kept the crowd continually laughing.

The second number was a duet by Lieutenant Packard and Mr. Cline, and was highly appreciated by all.

The third stunt was given by the junior class. It was a "mock trial." The decisions of Judge Frasier were due, no doubt, to his eagerness to please both sides. The prisoner, George Buchanan, probably suffered slightly from the remarks passed all thru the trial.

The fourth stunt, given by the senior A.'s, consisted of a series of songs and dances which were given very artistically by a group of pretty maidens dressed in elaborate evening gowns.

The last, but not the least, enjoyed, were the songs sung by the S. A. T. C. boys, under the leadership of Mr. Cline.

After the program those who wished, retired to the gym and enjoyed the rest of the evening in dancing.

### Steps in Demobilization.

The steps in the demobilization of a unit are very interesting. Following are some of the main steps, minus the attending technicalities.

The first step in the demobilization of a unit is to make certain that all records pertaining to mustering in, service work, etc., are complete.

Every soldier is given a physical examination by a surgeon. If the unit be large enough, surgeons are supplied by the army, but in the case of a small unit, such as the Cheney S. A. T. C., the examining is done by a contract surgeon. The soldier certifies that he is not suffering from wound, defect, injury, or disease. The surgeon and the commanding officer certify to the same effect. If there be a conflict, a board of examiners, composed of three doctors, is called to settle the matter. If the disease, wound, injury, or defect is curable, the soldier is not discharged, but is sent to a camp or post, to a special battalion.

A soldier who is eligible for discharge is given a slip explaining his rights in regard to insurance and compensation. He is told how to pay his premium for the following five years. When a unit is demobilized notice is sent to the United States treasury bureau of war risk insurance. A final roster is sent to the adjutant general the day the last man is discharged.

While in a camp a complete service record is kept for each man. This record contains a full statement of a man's character.

The final endorsement is put on the man's pay check, and then he is honorably discharged.

Each soldier may take his uniform home and is entitled to wear it for four months after being discharged.

Elizabeth Keelen, who attended this school last year, and who is teaching at Medical Lake now, was taken sick while in her school room. She had a light case of the flu.

## The Christmas Bells

O bells of Christmastide, begin!

The swords are sheathed, the guns are still:

Ring, when the midnight hour is in,

The angels' song above the hill.

Ring for the captives' glad release,

The gates swung wide forever more:

Ring for the shining word of peace

Flashed in the dark from shore to shore.

Ring for the hearths that shall be whole,

Ring for the tears that shall be dried,

Ring for each happy, trembling soul,

O bells of Christmastide!

Ring for the great new freedom's birth—

The proud are low, the swift are stayed,

The little peoples of the earth

Lift up their faces unafraid.

Ring loudly forth afar and wide,

For strong feet marching home again:

Ring proudly for the brave who died

That liberty might live with men.

Ring for the Star that led us on,

Unchanging, all the doubtful way:

O bells, ring in a strange, bright dawn

This wondrous Christmas Day!

—Nancy Byrd Turner



### S. A. T. C. DEMOBILIZED

The Cheney unit of the S. A. T. C., was demobilized last Saturday, December 21. It was with real regret that some of the boys left Cheney. Some of them remained and enrolled in the regular Normal or Business courses. About seventy-five boys made known their intention to return to Cheney to attend the R. O. T. C. if one is established here.

On the evening (rather morning) of their departure they gave evidence of the "pep" they had acquired, or assumed for the occasion, under able leadership, by arousing all Cheneyites in the wee small hours and keeping them wondering what would happen next.

### GIRLS' MILITARY UNIT HAS SING

Wednesday night, December 18, a large group from the girls' military unit met in Mr. Cline's room to sing "pep" songs. The girls were handicapped on their hike by not knowing the popular marching songs. The main purpose of these sings is to teach the girls songs which they can sing as they march. Mr. Cline is a splendid pep doctor, and the girls greatly enjoyed their first sing. They are looking forward to the next one.

### MR. HINCH HOME

#### FOR HOLIDAYS

#### Enjoyed Work at Chicago U.

Mr. Hinch, a member of the English department, has just returned from Chicago, where he has been attending the University of Chicago. He took two courses in the College of Education; one a course in the Psychology of the High School Subjects; the other a course dealing with the "Development of Modern Methods in Elementary Schools." In addition, Mr. Hinch took a course in practical French phonetics, and another in Spanish.

In a letter to Mr. Showalter, Mr. Hinch wrote that he enjoyed his work very much, and that there was a fine spirit of fellowship among the student body.

Mr. Hinch goes to Ellensburg the first of the year to organize the English department there. He goes to Ellensburg as an exchange professor.

The Y. W. C. A. met last Thursday afternoon for the first time since the quarantine was placed on the school. It is hoped that every member will be present at the next meeting. The material for the layettes is here and will be started then.

### S. A. T. C. Band Concert, December 19, Great Success.

#### Normalites Enthusiastic.

One of the most enjoyable evening entertainments given on the Auditorium stage this year, was the concert by the S. A. T. C. Band, Thursday evening, December 19, under the able directorship of Mr. J. D. Cline. The following program was given:

Star Spangled Banner.

March, The Son of Battle, J. D. Cline.

Overture, Majestic, Lawrence.

Waltz, Moonlight and Lovelight J. D. Cline.

March, Liberty Land (Dedicated to Lieutenant Packard Commanding Officer, S. A. T. C.) J. D. Cline.

Cuban Dance, Rosemary, Jewell,

Charistic, An Indian Dream, J. D. Cline.

March, Pride of the Ninth, J. D. Cline.

Patrol, National Army, J. D. Cline.

Reverie, Celestial Choir, C. L. King.

March, Aristolat, J. D. Cline.

America.

The entire program was given with a spirited brilliancy that left little doubt in the minds of the audience as to whether the boys really loved music. It is rather gratifying to see evidenced what a group of boys who have learned to enjoy playing good music can, under the inspiration of an able leader, do in a few weeks' time. Cheney may well be proud of having Mr. Cline on her faculty.

Four numbers received with especial enthusiasm were, The Son of Battle, Moonlight and Lovelight, An Indian Dream, and the National Army, all Mr. Cline's own compositions. The first one was pervaded by a ringing, swinging, martial movement. Moonlight and Lovelight which took us back to pre-Cheney days, was a seductive, tantalizing waltz melody with an ever-recurring basic motif as delicately elusive as the two ingredients of the title.

Liberty Land, dedicated to Lieutenant Packard, embodied, within itself the entire S. A. T. C. atmosphere. It breathed forth familiar reminiscences of First Call, Reveille, Drill, Retreat, Tattoo and Taps, and was played with a dash and brilliancy that called up visions of hundreds of thousands erect, khaki-clad figures, both "here" and "over there", eyes alight with high ideals, marching on to sure victory, with military swing and precision of movement.

Another number which gave especial pleasure was An Indian Dream. The music was typically Indian; so much so, that one could almost see the leaping firelight, the blanketed crouching figures in their characteristic dance movements, and hear the usual guttural vocal accompaniment.

The National Army brought to us the muffled sound of marching feet and martial music afar off which gradually swelled in tone and volume as they drew nearer, till they thundered in our very midst.

A novel and enjoyable feature of the evening was the impromptu singing sandwiched in between the regular numbers on the program. The zest with which "Mr. Zipp" "Smiles" and the "Long, Long Trail" were received gave ample assurance that Cheney would "Keep The Home Fires Burning Till the Boys Come Home."

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Baldwin are the proud parents of a baby boy, Edward Post, born Sunday, December 15.



# State Normal School Journal

CHENEY WASHINGTON

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1918

## EDITORIAL

"All of us are at one on the desirability of humanist training. The humanities comprises history, literature and philosophy, and the greatest of these is literature. There will be debate only as to what part the humanities shall play in education. Great pressure will be brought to bear for more training and specialization in science. But study of great literature is essential for the spirit of humanity. It trains the mind in accuracy, discipline and taste. Every boy and girl should have opportunity for coming into touch with great literature and having the mind trained to understand it and respond. Once they learn to care for Chaucer, Milton, Spenser, Wordsworth and Shakespeare, we need have no fear for the future of their country." —Professor Spurgeon, University of London.

Literature is not only a key to the lives of others, but is a key to one's own life. There are other ways of learning human nature in general, but outside of direct experience and observation, literature is the principal means of obtaining knowledge of human life. The knowledge of human life is previous to the pleasure coming from such knowledge in any form, and is the condition without which there can be no pleasure.

The great literary works should be placed in the hands of children at the earliest possible time. The question is not how much the reader can know about the work, the author and the age, but whether he responds to the poem, romance, or essay, and finds there an expansion of his consciousness of life. One who has read the Greek dramatists and Shakespeare has a view of the essentials of life in its greatness.

The great characteristic value in culture of literature is personal appeal. Those books should be preferred, therefore, in which the personal appeal is strongest.

The staff takes this opportunity to wish the student body and faculty a happy, prosperous and successful New Year.

## A PROGRAM FOR THE WOMAN WHO HAS PLEDGED HERSELF TO THRIFT

Simpler methods of living.  
 No waste in the use of food.  
 Preservation of surplus food.  
 More careful selection of food.  
 More careful buying of food.  
 More careful preparation of food.

1 Simplify your food habits. Eat only three meals a day. Do not eat

food between meals. Serve very simple meals. Three courses at most. One dish meals are practical. Eat only what you need to keep well and efficient.

2. Select your food wisely. Learn to know the needs of each member of your family. Plan your meals to meet these needs. Let your needs and not your whims govern your food habits. Food selection is science. Study it.

3. Buy food thoughtfully. Learn first what food is needed; then buy in such quantities as may safely be stored or used without loss. Plan ahead to save delivery. Study the market and buy the seasonably abundant foods. Conserve those which are scarce here or abroad. Make a budget and keep accounts.

4. Prepare your food with care. Learn to prepare simple foods well. This means palatable foods with reasonable variations in methods of preparation.

5. Waste no food. Watch your garbage pail. Serve only in such quantities as may be eaten. Practice the gospel of the clean plate. Use all left overs. Waste no food through poor or careless cooking or reckless handling.

6. Save surplus foods for future use. Even a small surplus of perishable food should be preserved in some simple way. Preserve, dry, can or store any large supplies of surplus foods.

## LINES TO KATE

Washuena Wash., Dear Editor— I and enclosing a few lines. If you deem them worthy of space in the Normal paper, very well; if not, all is well too. They are not original with me but I transposed them to fit our normal Yours respectfully,

MRS H. J. RUNNINGS

There is something in the name of Kate

Which many will condemn;  
 But listen, now, while I relate  
 The traits of some of them.

There's Deli-Kate, a modest dame,  
 And worthy of our love;  
 She's nice and beautiful in fame,  
 As gentle as a dove.

Communi-Kate's intelligent,  
 As we may well suppose;  
 Her fruitful mind is ever bent  
 On telling what she knows.

There's Intri-Kate, she's so obscure  
 'Tis hard to find her out;  
 For she is often very sure  
 To put your wits to rout.

Prevari-Kate's a stubborn maid.  
 She's sure to have her way;  
 The caviling, contrary jade  
 Objects to all you say.

There's Vindi-Kate, she's good and true,  
 And strives with all her might  
 Her duty faithfully to do,  
 And battles for the right.

There's Rusti-Kate, a country lass  
 Quite fond of rural scenes;  
 She likes to trample through the grass,  
 And loves the evergreens.

Of all the maidens you may see,  
 There's none like Edu-Kate;  
 For profit attend the C. S. N. S.  
 And aim at something great.  
 —S. I. R.

## Equal to the Occasion.

A company of German soldiers having entered the small town of Roze, one of the officers swaggered into a hotel, halted a waiter and called for a meal, at the same time laying his sword on the table. The waiter returned with a pitchfork, which he placed by the sword.

"What does this mean?" demanded the officer in a gruff voice.  
 "Oh," replied the waiter, "this is the only fork I could find to match your knife."

## Did It Ever Occur to You— Why All Successful Men Keep a Checking Account With a Bank? We'll Tell You—

It enables them to keep their funds in a more secure place than the office safe.

It gives them better standing in the business world.

It enables them to pay their bills by check; the returned check being an indisputable receipt.

It helps save money in one's pocket is often spent on the spur of the moment, while one is disposed to think twice before drawing on his balance in the bank.

Your aim, as a student, is to fit yourself for a successful life—aim to be successful in the handling of your money affairs.

If you do not have a bank account, start one today with

## The Security National Bank CHENEY, WASHINGTON

## Intelligence Test Given to S. A. T. C. Boys

212 Questions Answered in 50 Minutes

Last Thursday Mr. Merriman gave the regulation army intelligence test to 23 S. A. T. C. boys. The test consists of 212 questions, and the time allotted for the test is 50 minutes. The time had to be kept accurately, so a stop watch was used.

The person who gives the test, and those taking it, are under oath to keep the questions secret; so in order to know what the test is one would have to take it. Should any one disclose any of the questions or allow them to get into print, he could be fined \$10,000 and be imprisoned for two years.

After reading a schoolgirl's definition of "nothing" as being a "footless stocking without any leg," these thoughts came to me:

Nothing is worthless,  
 Nothing is mirthless,  
 But it acts with a jest  
 That has no behest  
 Of precious time  
 In any clime.

But let nothing alone  
 If you want to me shown.  
 With zeal and desire.  
 Let nothing expire  
 So do not expel it,  
 But try to excel it.

—Anon.

## HOBBY CLUB HOLDS BAZAAR

Proceeds Used for Invalids' Chair.

Friday afternoon, December 20, the Hobby club held a bazaar in the rotunda. Dainty hand-made bags, aprons, combing jackets, and doilies were on sale in addition to home-made candies. Everything was reasonably priced and went like "hot-cakes."

The money made from this bazaar is to be used to purchase a chair for returned crippled soldiers in the Y. M. C. A. building of Camp Lewis. The girls realized \$13.95 from their sale.

Mrs. Yost is happy to announce that the fund which she started for the same purpose has reached a total of \$14.50, thus making a grand total of \$28.45.

A clergyman who advertised for an organist received this reply:

"My dear sir: I notice you have a vacancy for an organist and music teacher, either lady or gentleman. Having been both for several years I beg to apply for the position."

Dr. Parkhurst's opening sentence in his famous sermon on the iniquities of Tammany Hall is peculiarly applicable these last few weeks to Herr-Hun-on-the-Run. Dr. Parkhurst said: "The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but they make better time when some one is after them."

## RUBBER FOOTWEAR

We can fit any style shoe in best grade rubbers---

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## Thorndike Orders Frazier's Writing Scale.

To Be Used in His Columbia University Classes.

Last week the Normal received an order for 50 copies of the Frazier Writing Scale, the order coming from Mr. Edward Thorndike of Columbia university, author of some texts used in this school. Mr. Thorndike is going to use these scales in his classes in education.

Mr. Thorndike is the author of the first writing scale. Mr. Frazier's scale has been published comparatively recently. Surely it is a feather in Mr. Frazier's cap that Mr. Thorndike should send for the Frazier scale.

### Over the Garden Fence.

"Let's go on a strike," suggested the Hoe, but the suggestion was greeted with jeers.

"Lettuce not be unpatriotic," sighed the Egg Plant, who despised any one that tried to hatch a plot.

"I refuse to strike!" cried the Onion, who was strong for the U. S. A.

"I could never think of such a thing!" said the Potato, with tears in its eyes.

"It is out of the question," growled the Tomato. "I am way behind the demand now with no chance to Ketchup."

"Who dares to suggest an unpatriotic thing?" screeched the Sweet Corn, who prided himself on being a Kernel.

The Spade Plowed into the Hoe and Raked it up one side and down the other. "We don't Carrot damn if you quit; you don't earn your celery anyway. You're too big headed." And it winked at the Cabbage.

The Hoe winged and its face began to turn Radish. The Cucumber, who was pickled, wanted to bust the Hoe on the Bean.

"Wall," drawled Old Man Turnip, running his fingers through his Spinach. "reckon as how we can't Beet the H. C. of L. by dilly-dallying. Leave that arguing stuff for the congressmen; they're used to it."—Exchange.

### Quick-Witted.

Once the game warden of Colorado was walking out in the mountains when he met a hunter with a gun. The officer wilyly suggested that the country ought to be a good one for hunting.

"It certainly is," said the hunter, proudly. "I killed one of the finest bucks I ever saw yesterday. He weighed over 200 pounds."

Now, it was the season when deer may not be shot without subjecting the hunter to a heavy fine. Therefore the warden said:

"Well, that is a fine one: but do you know to whom you are talking?"

"No, indeed, who are you?" asked the stranger.

"Why, I am the chief game warden of Colorado."

The hunter was embarrassed for a moment. Then he parried: "And do you know to whom you are talking?"

The warden did not know.

"Well, sir," responded the hunter, apparently much relieved "you are talking to the biggest liar in the state of Colorado."

"You win," twinkled the warden. "Have a cigar."

### Instinctivity.

"When Jims saw the burglar coming did he bolt the door?"

"No; he bolted himself."

Miss Most: "I'm afraid that your work is too comic for general illustrations."

Jean Findlay: "I suppose that means I'll have to spend the rest of my life doing comic supplements."

Mary had a little lamb,

It's fleece was quite expensive.

It followed her to school one day

And came home feeling pensive.

The little maids at school that day

Forgot their sums and letters,

They pulled the wool all off its back,

And knitted it into sweaters.

—Exchange.

### The Long Journey to France.

The troop train had just pulled into the station, says Everybody's. A big, husky negro stuck his head out of the car window and shouted:

"Say, boss, what town you-all call dis?"

"This is Accotink."

"And, boss, what state am dis?"

"Virginia; Accotink, Virginia."

"Well, well, Ah dun been travelin' on dis heah train foah days and foah night. Whah de debbil am dis heah France, anyhow?"

### Other Sorts of Saplings.

There are so many dialects spoken at the fighting front, says an English paper, that confusion sometimes results. A sergeant major, in, training some newly arrived recruits in judging distance, said:

"You see that sapling over there on the hillside?"

"No, sir," said the man addressed, after looking long and carefully in the direction indicated. "I don't see any sapling."

"What! You can't see any sapling? There's only one and that's right in front of you."

The man tried again and reported as before.

"Look here," said the sergeant major, "do you know what a sapling is?"

"Oh, yes," replied the recruit, "a young pig."

### Embarrassing.

To enliven the party, Pat, with watch in hand, announced:

"I'll present a box of candy to the lady that makes the homliest face within the next three minutes."

The time expired, and Patrick awarded as follows:

"It's Mrs. Maguire as gets the prize."

"Go away wid ye," protested Mrs. Maguire, "I wasn't playing at all!"

Wife—That new dentist must be very soft-hearted.

Husband—What makes you think so?"

Wife—Every time a patient grunts, he gives them laughing gas.

Husband—Then his heart must be in his head.

### Speaking of Holes.

One of our leading citizens was paying a visit the other day to a friend in Camden, N. J., and was astonished when little Bobbie, aged four years, looked up at his father's head which is decorated with a small bald spot, and asked:

"Daddy, what's the matter with your head?"

"Why, nothing, son, what do you see?"

"Why, there's a hole in your hair, Daddy."

### EasY.

The lieutenant was instructing the squad in visional training.

"Tell me, Number One," he said, "how many men are there in that trench-digging party over there?"

"Thirty men and one officer," was the prompt reply.

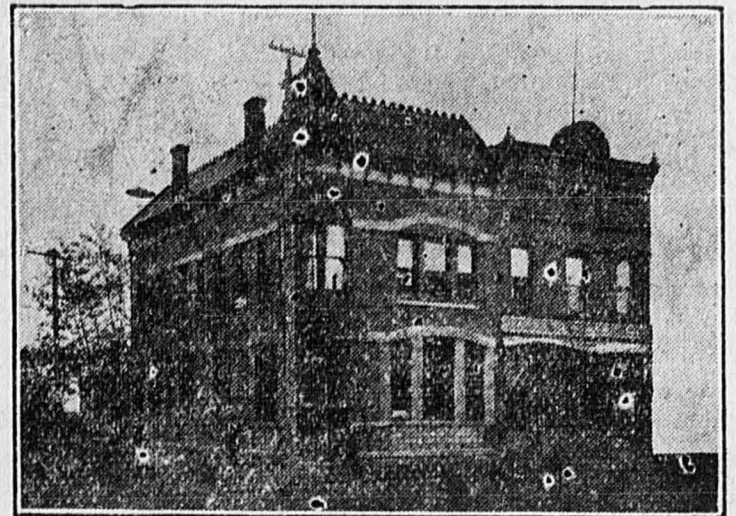
"Quite right," observed the lieutenant after a pause. "But how do you know one is an officer at this distance?"

"'Cos he's the only one not working, sir."—Ex.

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**An Impossible Amount.**

Some negroes were discussing the death of a small darkey.

The cause of the disaster was clear enough to one of the men.

"De po chile died from eatin' too much watah-melon," he explained.

One of the others looked his doubts.

"Huh!" he grunted scornfully, "dar ain't no such thing as too much watah-millon."

"Well, den," remarked the first, "dar wasn't enough boy."—Life.

**A Camouflaged Will.**

An old fellow on his deathbed, in making his will, murmured to his lawyer: "And to each of my employes who have been with me twenty years or more I bequeath 2000 pounds."

"Holy smoke. What generosity!" the lawyer exclaimed.

"No, not at all," said the sick man. "You see, none of them have been with me over a year; but it will look good in the papers, won't it?"—Liverpool Post.

**Handling the Prospect.**

"Sorry, Brown," said the doctor after the examination. "You're in a very serious condition. I'm afraid I'll have to operate on you."

"Operate," gasped Brown. "Why, I haven't any money for an operation. I'm only a poor workingman."

"You're insured, are you not?" "Yes, but I don't get that until I'm dead."

"Oh, that'll be all right," said the doctor, consolingly.—Drug Topics.

You can't scatter sunshine out of a face like a vinegar cruet.—Arrow Points.

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**Future Bliss for Him.**

Two out-state monument dealers chanced to meet on the rear platform of a streetcar, and they were soon talking shop. After they had discussed designs and inscriptions for several blocks, one of the dealers happened to notice that a negro passenger was listening to the conversation with apparent interest.

Turning to the negro, the dealer asked:

"You seem to be interested in tombstones, what do you want on your grave?"

"Say boss," replied the negro, "I don't want none of them stone markers. When I die I want 'em to plant a watermelon vine on my grave and then let the glorious juice soak through."

Pat, upon entering a crowded street car, was jolted into a nearby lady's lap when the car started suddenly.

Indignant Lady: "Here, what kind of man are you, anyway?"

Pat: "Sure, I always thought I was an Irishman, but now I think I must be a Laplander."—Young Folks.

**A Postoffice Romance.**

Friendship, N. Y.  
Love, Va.  
Kissime, Fla.  
Ring, Ark.  
Parson, Ky.

—Ex.

The pupils in an Alabama school were asked to construct a sentence containing the word "amphibious." Quick as a flash the son of a local preacher gave out the following:

"Most fish stories that my father tells are fibious."—Ex.

**Almost True.**

"A party of women is a hen party," said the persuasive suffrage speaker. The men nodded assent and laughed. "And a party of men is a stag party." Again assent.

"Then," she concluded, triumphantly, "a nation of men is a stagnation."

And a coarse male person in the front row merely groaned.

The editor works day and night. All the tips of his fingers are sore, But some one's sure to snicker and say,

"That's stale; I've heard it before."

If you think that we are personal, Don't let it anger you; Perhaps we'll slam some other people

In another week or two."—Ex.

Little bursts of laughter,  
Little grains of fun,  
Bring down your deportment,  
Ere the term is done.

—Exchange.

**Send Us News Items.**

If you have a lot of news,  
Send it in.

Or a joke that will amuse,  
Send it in.

A story that is true,  
An accident that's new,  
We want to hear from you!  
Send it in.

—Ex.



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AND

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**Notice, Girls.**

Yield not to temptaion,

For flirting is sin;

No, sister will help you

Her brother to win.

"Well, Josh, how's your daughter getting along with her studies up there at the Normal this year?"

"Oh! Si, she writes they ain't both-erin' her none."